

me if you were hurt—who can tell how badly."

"I will be as careful as I can," I answered stoutly, "but this is a risk not to be avoided. I only wish you were not concerned in it."

"And I am glad I am. There must be a strain of wild blood in me, Monsieur, to rejoice at adventure. I even wish I could go with you."

"Yet you will not attempt such a mad freak? You will remain here?"

"I will keep my promise; you may trust me."

She was at the end of the bench, a mere black shadow although our forms touched. As she whispered these words I could feel her breath on my cheek. My veins throbbed with a wild rush of blood, and, before I realized what I was doing, I had her in my arms and found her lips with my own. An instant, helpless from surprise, she remained inert, then freed herself, pressing me back.

"Monsieur!" indignantly. "What right—"

"None; I implore pardon. The temptation was too much. You will forgive?"

"But you frighten me! You are not fair, Monsieur," she protested, holding herself away. "I—I cannot go with you now! I—I will not."

"But I meant nothing; it was only the impulse of an instant; cannot you understand?"

"It is because I understand that I resolve," she said firmly. "Had you respected me you would not have dared. I cannot trust you, Monsieur."

"You mean you will not go?"

She hesitated, and I waited, breathing hard, thoroughly ashamed of myself.

"Tell me, Mademoiselle? It was not what you think—I love you!"

"How easily you say that; they must be familiar words."

Her tone angered me, and I grasped her hand.

"Do not laugh," I whispered swiftly, "for I am not in that mood. I have told you no lie, paid you no idle compliment. Those words were forced from me; I spoke then in self-defense. Will you not believe me to be in earnest?"

"Oh, yes! You are in earnest—now. It is tomorrow I must consider—the many tomorrows. Please let me go, Monsieur. I promise to remain here."

"But not to take the flight."

"No; you have broken your pledge."

"I thought you cared."

"I did, Monsieur; I do still. I want you to get away safely, and to keep your secret from those men. I led you into all this trouble, and will do all in my power to help you. That is all; you must remain satisfied with that. You have no right to expect more."

"Then my love is nothing to you?"

"It might be everything, and yet not justify my yielding to your request. I am an American, not a French girl, and I have my code. You have made it impossible for me to go further."

"Monsieur," spoke De Vigne from the other side, "they have a light now; should we not hurry?"

"Yes; in a minute," and I turned back to her. "I must go now, but shall come back here. Will I find you?"

"Yes; I—I am not indifferent, not angry. It—it is all deeper than that. Only, please go now, and do not plead any more. This is too serious for words."

She gave me both her hands, and I lifted them to my lips. Then she drew them gently away, and stood erect. Someone struck a blow in the hangar, and I stepped back listening. I felt the necessity for action. "The fight first," I said shortly, "and then you, my lady."

I felt my way along the edge of the bench to the door. De Vigne stood there, his eyes at a crack, through which a narrow gleam of light stole, but drew back at my approach. I felt for the wooden latch, and found it.

"Ready?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then do exactly as I do."

I lifted the latch silently, and opened

# DAWN

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



"Until the daybreak, and the shadows flee away."—The Song of Solomon, 2:17.

Here, at high noon the sun looks down  
In stately calmness on the streets;  
There, twilight comes to field and town  
And night her minor croon repeats  
In whispers that are darkly sad—  
But still the world is whirling on,  
And somewhere jubilant and glad,  
There sound the trumpets of the dawn.

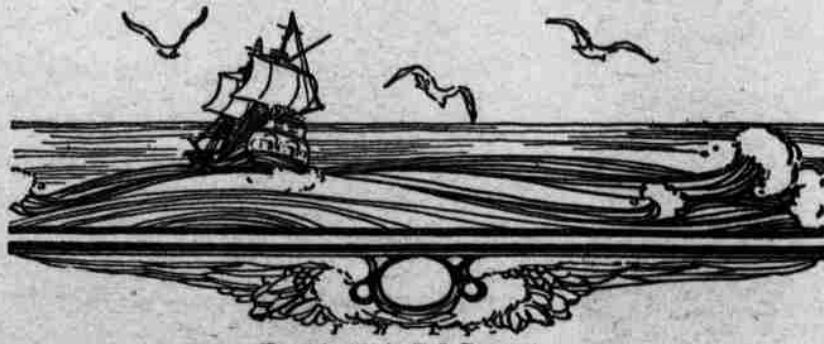
The sunlight drips on drowsing ships  
And breaks, and falls in golden strips  
And lights the waves with jeweled tips.

A midnight here, a twilight there,  
Mid-morning and mid-afternoon—  
But, laughing into life somewhere,  
The dawn comes as a wondrous boon  
To eyes that yearn for light of day,  
To eyes that search the pulsing deep,  
To eyes that fain would drive away  
The listless languor of dull sleep.

The rosy dawn forever flies  
On wings of joy across the skies,  
While each close-clutching shadow dies.

The stars pale into nothingness—  
To outer silence faint the stars  
When dawn, her gladness to express,  
Flings forth her first far-reaching bars.  
The sea breaks into limpid light,  
The shades that robed the world are gone—  
Out of the mystery of night  
There leaps the miracle of dawn.

The sunlight drips on drowsing ships,  
And breaks and falls in crimson strips—  
Then sing the waves with rosy lips.



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the door just far enough so as to look into the interior. The light was a dim one near the farther extremity of the shed, obscured by the frame of the monoplane. Against the faint radiance I could trace the spreading wings of the machine, and the network of wires. Just beyond the propeller the men were grouped, one fellow holding the electric lamp, the others crowding about, in an endeavor to see what the light revealed. Intent upon the one thing sought all else was forgotten, and their voices rumbled in German. I could not see the face of the fellow who held the lamp, but Eisenbarth stood at his right, holding back a piece of canvas with which the propeller had been wrapped, while Brandt had his back to us, and was leaning forward, one hand on the steel rod. The fourth man appeared indistinct beneath the shadow of an aerofoil intently listening to the conversation.

Assured that their attention was concentrated elsewhere, I slipped in through the narrow opening, stooping under the wire wings, until I found a secure hiding place behind the rudder. De Vigne followed me like a shadow, without making the slightest noise, and we crouched down together beyond the radius of light. Anxious as I was by this time to come to hand grips with the fellows, before daylight could thwart my plans of escape, I yet desired to learn what it really was they were so determined to discover, and to be certain of success before commencing attack. We were two against four, and the first blow struck would likely decide the battle. The very knowledge that Mademoiselle waited alone in the shed robbed me of recklessness, for I realized what our defeat would necessarily mean to her. The secret of the monoplane had become of small value, now it was being tested against her safety. I determined to protect her at any cost. It was Brandt's voice I distinguished first in a low, half-articulate growl.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, lifting his head. "Same propeller as in the Morane, isn't it?"

"Heavier, that's all," returned Eisenbarth slowly. "Only difference I see is in the motor, and the ailerons."

"You mean those things they balance with? The wing tips?"

"Sure; they look as if they'd work all right, but it's the motor that gets me. I'd have to try that out to discover what it would do."

"Wherein does it differ from others?"

The chauffeur moved back, motioning the man with the lamp to follow, and the four disappeared from our direct view.

"In several ways, Captain," he said, at last, evidently demonstrating.

"This is an improvement on the Gnome revolving engine. It is lighter and fully as powerful, and is water-cooled. This is a combination never achieved before to my knowledge. I can grasp all this just as it stands, for the mechanics are simple enough, but this contrivance in connection with the exhaust is a new invention. I should have to test its work to learn its exact purpose."

"But you must have some theory?"

"Well, yes; it is undoubtedly intended as a silencer, and, if it does the business, will revolutionize the aeroplane for use in war. That is just what this machine has been reported to do, isn't it?"

"Yes; but no one believed it true. And you say this is the thing?"

"It must be. Seems simple enough, but I couldn't figure out just how it works unless I took it apart, or else tried it in action."

I saw Brandt straighten up, and glance about into the darkness.

"Why not set the engine going?" he asked. "It's all ready, isn't it?"

"Yes, but there is a risk that the silencer may not be properly adjusted, and the noise create an alarm."

"But there is no one about to hear; if there were it would only be supposed that Dessaud's mechanics were trying it out. Go on, and see how the thing works; if it makes too much racket shut it off."

Eisenbarth, still wearing his long